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A. E. VOORHIES, PROP. & MGR.
FRED MENSCH, EDITOR.
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1902.

Frank C. Baker, ex-state printer, has sued his wife, Kate Baker, for a divorce in the state circuit court.

Washington's new governor, McBride, has declared war on the big railroad combine. The officials of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads deny that the merger destroys competition, but the governor is incredulous and is out with his tomahawk.

An example of the danger of hypnotism when its practice by irresponsible parties is permitted has occurred during the past week in Spokane. A man was placed in a hypnotic sleep and the identity of the hypnotist is unknown. There was no one to rouse the unfortunate man from his stupor. He had semi-conscious intervals when he would partake of food, then relapse into his former condition. Physicians say that his mind cannot escape being seriously injured.

Seldom if ever, in the history of the country, has there been such an appalling frequency of accidents and disaster of all kinds as there has been in the past few months. Accidents on railroads, on the sea, and in mines, have become so frequent that they excite only passing comment. Many of these have been caused by carelessness, but why there should be an epidemic of carelessness does not appear. Why these accidents should occur with such frequency of late is a profound puzzle.

Every where tramps, footpads, thugs and highwaymen are being treated with more and more severity. Last week a Portland judge sentenced two hold up men to long terms in the penitentiary, one of them being given a 20 year term. Such occurrences as the murder of young Morrow in Portland have made public sentiment toward highwaymen and similar criminals very unrelenting. It is noticeable also that municipal officials generally are taking a more severe attitude toward tramps and like specimens of mankind and chain gangs are recognized as necessary institutions.

Governor Geer has declined to extend any clemency to the Portland murderers, Wade and Dalton. Some have expected that Dalton might be pardoned as it was Wade that fired the fatal shot and it was Dalton's confession that led to the arrest of both murderers. This belief however, seems not to have been well founded. In this regard the governor says: "When two men start out with guns and a purpose to commit robbery, they agree with themselves, before starting, to murder, if necessary, in order to save their own lives. That is what the guns are for. If the rule is established that the Governor will commute the sentence of the informer in such cases, then it will be an incentive to such as are planning robberies to proceed, with the renewed hope that if murder does accidentally result from the adventure, the one who can get to the District Attorney's office first will be saved from the gallows. This would be a loophole through which a gleam of hope, and therefore of encouragement, would shine to strengthen those who might be faltering through lack of the necessary courage. This loophole should be closed. It might make it somewhat harder for the detective, but this can be endured, if it should tend to lessen the number of victims of this utterly worthless class of our people—not only worthless, but dangerous."

Admiral Schley is a man who possesses a considerable quantity of good common sense. Before his present visit to Chicago, he remarked that he would shoot any man who mentioned Sauteau to him. This was in regard to a notion which had gained credence that he would make that subject a theme for public talk while in Chicago. He now says that he has no presidential aspirations whatever and that he is satisfied to be a sailor. Schley, when he might be pardoned for acting otherwise, still continues to be a man who is content to let his reputation rest on deeds, not words. No official criticism can mar the glory of Schley's achievements and he will be remembered long after Sampson, Long and Crowninshield are forgotten. The only way that Schley can make his reputation is to talk and in this, they have an advantage over Sampson. Solid achievement is the best foundation for a reputation and such a reputation can not be returned. Already the people have forgotten their wrath toward Dewey for turning over their gift to his wife and he and Schley are two heroes whom they continue to delight to honor.

Coming Events.
Jan. 31—Lecture by Capt. S. Albert under auspices of Masonic order at opera house.
Feb. 7—Stereopticon entertainment, Hawaiian views, at opera house.
February 10—Jennie Shirley company at opera house.
Feb. 21—"Little Hatchet" social by C. E. society of Presbyterian church.
Feb. 22—"Human Hearts" at Opera house.

FREE! FREE!
We are giving away to our customers some handsomely decorated, hand painted China with cash purchases. Buy your goods of us and get a Fine Set of Dishes one or more at a time FREE.
We earnestly ask you to call and inspect it. You will surely want it.
Red Star Store.
Front street, oppo Depot.

Items From Greenback
Will Cockerill left again on Monday, not being able to go to work.
Harry Jones went to Grants Pass first of the week to consult a dentist.
Mrs. B. Carville returned Friday from a short business trip to the Pass.
Mrs. Paul Scharington, of Placer, is recovering from her recent illness.
Mr. S. M. Smith, of Kerby, made a flying trip to Greenback one day last week.
Len Reynolds and brother Lee, have gone to Riverside, Calif., where their parents live.
Some of the ladies of our little burg have a reading club which meets every Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Mrs. J. S. Buck's.
Madames Roper, Neas and Howe visited at Len Brownings on Wednesday. On their return home they looked quite happy, which aroused the suspicion through camp that they had a fine time and feasted sumptuously.
Quite a number of the miners are complaining of their eyes bothering them. It is thought that the constant working by candle light has a bad effect. Gasoline was unable to work for several days on account of defective eyesight.
We are having very cold weather. It began snowing Thursday, kept it up all day Friday and a part of Saturday. It was a regular "nor" easter" and was quite a blizzard Friday night. One man

No. 31, every fourth Sunday of each month.
E. Pierce is expected to invent a case for the library of district No. 31 soon.
John Brothers are now at work on Marvel ledge quarrying out considerable good rock.
Mrs. S. Hayden is expecting to return home in February to visit her mother, Mrs. Hannum.
Rev. Hedgepeth is expecting to hold services at the Methodist church at Williams next Sunday.
The scholars of Baltimore district are expecting to establish a school library in the near future.
E. Pierce made an excellent speech for the members of the library of district No. 31 last Saturday evening.
The Sunday school of the Methodist church is progressing rapidly. The scholars seem to take great interest in the school. The average attendance is 30 scholars.
Climax.
Wilderville Items.
Go to J. C. K. McCann's, for all kinds of groceries.
Miss Nellie Moore is employed as assistant in the Wilderville hotel.
J. B. Burroughs is on the road to recovery after several weeks of sickness.
J. C. K. McCann, our city merchant, has been almost sick with cold the last few days.
Adam Cart, wife and baby, went on a visit to Will Ingram's for a few days this week.
Miss Ines McCann was thrown from a horse a few days ago but was not seriously hurt.
James Hocking, Sr. spent a few days in Grants Pass last week to attend the Free Methodist quarterly meeting.
Francis Smith, who has been preaching at Wilderville and New Hope, is now in Grants Pass to attend meetings.
Mr. Erickson, who has been working at the Six Mile mine, returned one day last week and will now stay with us for a time.
Emmett Conger, who has been quite sick for a few weeks, is reported better and was able to be up a few minutes Sunday.
S. E. Robinson had a side of bacon stolen from his meat house not long ago. Think he had better put a lock on the door, and keep it there.
Rev. W. Rodgers preached an interesting sermon at Wilderville Sunday morning and another in the afternoon at the Thous school house. Two wagon loads of young people, went with Rev. Rodgers, to the Thous school house. About 10 of them were from Wilderville.
The revival at Wilderville was a success. About 25 were converted and 15 of them have joined the M. E. Church. Tuesday evening at 7.30 the young people gathered for the purpose of organizing the Epworth League. They will also organize a Bible class to be held every Tuesday evening at the M. E. parsonage. It is to be called "Bible Study". All are cordially invited to attend, from the age of 12 years up, who are interested in the study.

Clearance Sale
To make room for our Spring Stock we will, during the next 30 days place on sale at

A Great Reduction
All our Winter Goods, consisting of Ladies' Capes and Jackets, Dressing Jackets, Dressing Sacks, Knit Skirts, Waists in Silk and Flannel, Fascinators and Shawls, Flannelette Wrappers, Ladies', Children's and Men's Mackintoshes, Etc.
If you are in need of any of the above articles it will pay you to look them over as I will positively save you money.
E. C. Dixon.
Shoes and Furnishing Goods.

on arising Saturday morning took a glance in the mirror and was astonished to see that his hair had turned gray during the night, but on closer observation he discovered it was snow that had drifted through the cracks of the house at the head of his bed. We have several inches of snow, in the delight of the small boys and girls. It is fine coating down the hill in fact all our sidewalks have a downward slope to the store and when it is freezing weather they become very "slick". Some of the older boys go coasting down some of those places unprepared which gives a sudden jar to their memories and reminds them of their boyhood days. If any of the men have forgotten how it is, just ask Frank South and he can tell them all about it. Some of the young men did not like his style so they built them a sled and were quite gallant taking the ladies coasting Sunday afternoon.
Williams Items.
The chicken-pox is prevalent at upper Williams district.
We are having cold nights at this vicinity at present.
Mrs. D. Vinyard was the guest of Mrs. J. F. Hartley last Saturday.
Mrs. Hannum and her son were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Monday.
Chas. Hoxie and his wife are still working at their mine near Marvel ledge.
Mrs. and Mrs. James Hall were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hoxie Sunday.
Rev. G. W. Hoxie expects to hold services at the school house of district

n time to come. Ever since I have been writing to the Observer, the Observer man has been taking exceptions to my work. Heretofore there has been but little attention paid to what he said, but since he has jumped at an innocent one as he has, we believe it our duty to give him a shot. There is such a thing as the enlargement of the brain and the swelling of the head, and the swelling of the head without the enlargement of the brain and we fear poor Ed is affected with the latter disease since he has been getting 50c. per week for sending news a month and a half o'd to the Observer. Well, as we believe we have said all that is necessary on this subject, we will again resume our regular work. We sincerely hope Mr. Observer man will make no more such breaks as the last one and will know what he is saying before he speaks so loudly and watch some other boy go to Selma to mail letters on Sunday.

The name we now take is that of John Gess. He came to our valley among the first and took a donation claim in the center of the valley, the farm which is now owned by J. W. Harmon. Mr. and Mrs. Gess had lived here several years when the Indians became troublesome and Mr. Gess was appointed leader to guard against the cunning tribe. At one time the whites numbered but 15 to guard against the treacherous fellows. For two years the people had been guarded so close that provisions were getting low and for a while the people had to live as the Indians. Under the direction of Mr. Gess the Indians were driven back and the people resumed the work in their fields once more, but the treacherous tribe took advantage of the opportunity and watched the men who did not know of the danger which was near them and the second day Mr. Gess had been plowing the Indians succeeded in finding his gun, and killed him with it. Now the Indians had killed the leader, they thought they would have things their own way, but another came to the front as leader for the whites by the name of Mr. Potter, who proved a suitable leader and under his command the people so greatly defeated the Indians that there was no more trouble at this time and later Mr. Potter married the widow of the one whom the Indians had killed.

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IN EXTREMIS.
When the face of the dying turns gray, And the time has come, When the soul must send its way To its last long home, Who he it bends over the dying, Of all that are human— Last seen by the sufferer helpless lying? 'Tis the form of a woman. Mother, or sister, or wife, Or some sweet daughter, Nurse the dying life, Wipe the parched lips with water, Place every loving art To comfort that is going, From her own half-broken, aching heart A last and smile bestowing. O women of all the lands, In the future as in the past, To your dying hosts and tender hands We all must come at last: We may trifle, neglect, disdain, But to you and to some other, We turn in our sore distress and pain— Wife, sister, daughter, mother.— The Late Thomas L. Smith, in N. Y. Independent.

Provolt Squibs.
Ota Hall is on the sick list.
Chicken pox is making its rounds among the people of Provolt.
Mr. Richard Loxman made a flying trip to Ashland last week.
Sherman Fields is keeping bachelor's hall, while his wife is visiting her parents.
Rev. Hedgepeth closed his series of meetings at the school house Sunday evening.
Miss Lizzie Sparlin is visiting her grand parents Mr. and Mrs. Hays of Murphy.
The farmers are rejoicing over the fine weather but the miners are looking rather blue.
Lester Layton was over from Coward Canyon and reports the mines closed down for the winter.
L. W. Smith, the Provolt merchant, was in your city Tuesday after his spring stock of goods.
We learn that Layton and Neal, the Applegate proprietors, have struck a rich ledge in Herriot cove. As prospectors they have been very successful of late years.

THE LANDLORD'S STORY
By WILL S. GIDLEY.
IT HAD fairly poured for two days, and I had waded through all the newspapers and other reading matter to be had at the little Adirondack hotel at which I was staying.
The landlord, Mr. Carpenter, was a jolly old fellow who was noted for his sprightly stories, and he did his best to entertain his guests and keep up their spirits as they sat on the broad piazzas of the Wayside house and watched the steady downpour.
I did not join the group on the veranda. If there is anything I particularly dislike it is to listen to the chatter of a lot of people who are trying to delude themselves into the belief that they are enjoying life when the face of Nature is ankle deep with mud and water, and it is still raining as if it never intended to stop. So I stuck to my room and borrowed my way through books, week-old newspapers, patent medicine almanacs—anything that would help me in a measure to forget the abominable weather.
But on the evening of the second day, when it grew suddenly colder and a roaring wood fire had been kindled in the open fireplace in the big sitting-room, I was one of the first to gather around its cheerful blaze.
Now, if ever, was the time for story-telling, but the landlord's repertory seemed to be about exhausted.
"No use asking for any more funny stories," he drawled out with a deprecatory shake of the head. "Those two wet days have pumped me dry, so to speak. I can only think of one more story, but as there isn't anything comical about that one, I don't suppose you'll care to hear it."
"Give us a story, by all means," urged one of the ladies. "I can always sleep better if I have a ghost story or some exciting adventure to go to bed on."
"Well," began the landlord, reflectively, "I don't think this comes under the head of a ghost story nor even a story of adventure. I'll have to tell it, and let you classify it for yourselves. The climax of my story came ten years ago when I was keeping a hotel in my native village, which I will call Eden Center; but the beginning dated back many years before that, to the time when the Peeks were the nabobs of the place.
"Squire Peek, with his wife and only daughter, lived in a big white house on a hill in the outskirts of the village, and a haughty, high-stepping old chap he was when I first knew him. He always seemed to consider himself and his family a little above the rest of the folks in Eden Center, and when Lucinda Peek grew up, although she was by long odds the best looking young lady in the place, and while the young fellows were all half daff over her, none of them really had the courage to make love to her for fear of arousing the wrath of the stiff-necked old squire.
"The first one who tried it was an outsider, and the ruthless way in which his aspirations were nipped in the bud by Lucinda's father, held forth very little encouragement to the others. He was a young college student, named Henry Handell, who had some vacation in earning some needed money. Though dependent wholly on his own earnings, he was bravely working his way through college, it seems, and he got a job keeping the books and making up accounts at the village store daytimes, and at night he gave lessons on the violin and other musical instruments. He was a first-class singer, too, and soon after coming to town, he started a singing school, hiring the schoolhouse and charging a regular fee for the lessons, which he gave every Thursday evening.
"It was at the singing school that he made the acquaintance of Lucinda Peek, and it was a clear case of love at first sight. He was the rest of the boys saw how matters were shaping, there wasn't one of them but wished him well.
"But the course of true love runs uncommonly rough sometimes as the poet tells about, and when young Handell walked boldly up to the big house on the hill with Lucinda one evening, and asked her father for her hand in marriage, it was said that the haughty old squire drove him from the house with the direst threats and curses that one man ever poured upon the head of another. It was then near the close of his vacation, and Handell was compelled to return to his college without again seeing Lucinda.
"It was said that letters addressed to Lucinda in young Handell's handwriting came after he went away, but the postmaster, who was a friend and sort of dependent of the squire, saw to it that none of them ever reached her. Finally one of the letters received after Handell had left the village, was returned to him, so the name ten years ago when I was keeping a hotel in my native village, which I will call Eden Center; but the beginning dated back many years before that, to the time when the Peeks were the nabobs of the place.
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"The first one who tried it was an outsider, and the ruthless way in which his aspirations were nipped in the bud by Lucinda's father, held forth very little encouragement to the others. He was a young college student, named Henry Handell, who had some vacation in earning some needed money. Though dependent wholly on his own earnings, he was bravely working his way through college, it seems, and he got a job keeping the books and making up accounts at the village store daytimes, and at night he gave lessons on the violin and other musical instruments. He was a first-class singer, too, and soon after coming to town, he started a singing school, hiring the schoolhouse and charging a regular fee for the lessons, which he gave every Thursday evening.
"It was at the singing school that he made the acquaintance of Lucinda Peek, and it was a clear case of love at first sight. He was the rest of the boys saw how matters were shaping, there wasn't one of them but wished him well.
"But the course of true love runs uncommonly rough sometimes as the poet tells about, and when young Handell walked boldly up to the big house on the hill with Lucinda one evening, and asked her father for her hand in marriage, it was said that the haughty old squire drove him from the house with the direst threats and curses that one man ever poured upon the head of another. It was then near the close of his vacation, and Handell was compelled to return to his college without again seeing Lucinda.
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